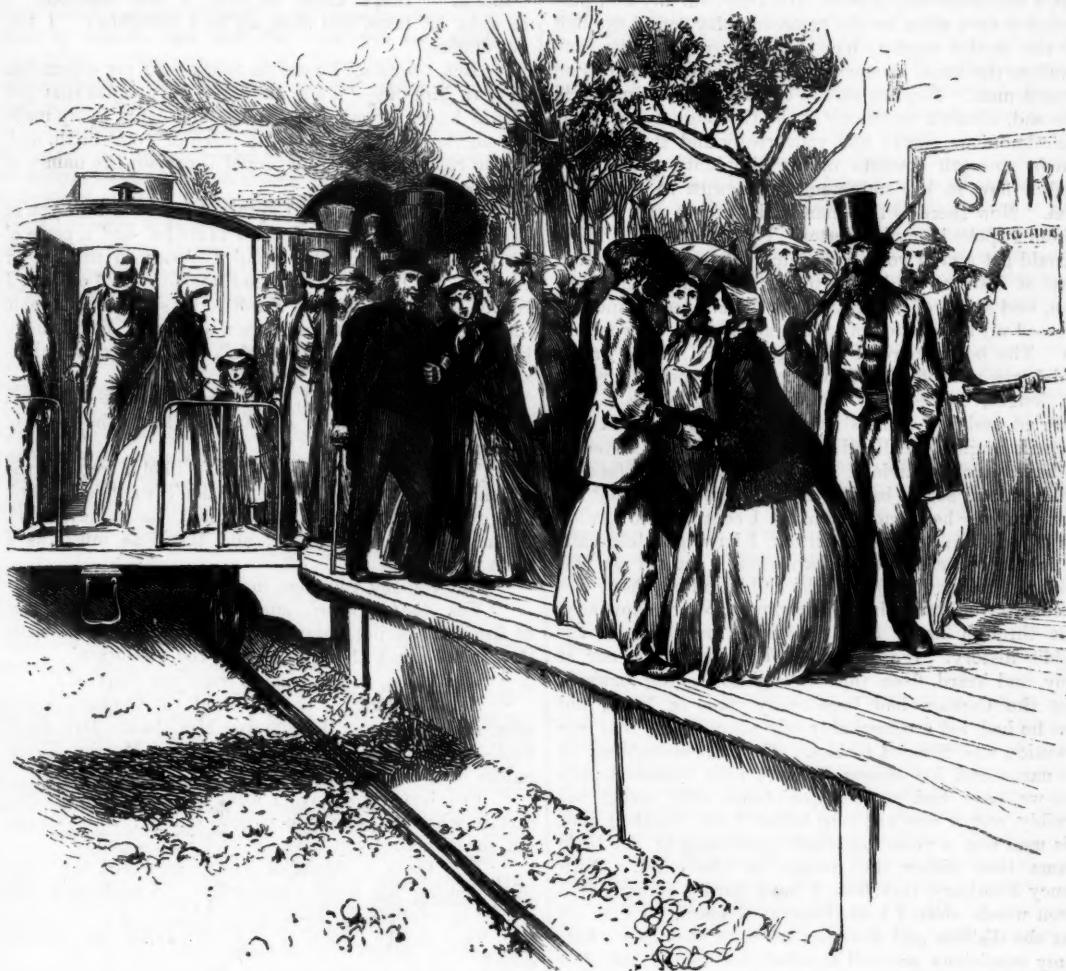


# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



ARRIVAL AT SARATOGA.

## THE GREAT VAN BROEK PROPERTY.

CHAPTER XXIX.—MR. SWOOP WRITES A LONG LETTER TO HIS PARTNER, TAKING CAPTAIN JACK FOR HIS THEME.

THE following extract from a long letter written by Mr. Swoop to his partner, after the former had received the letter containing the information Mr. Nettletop had derived from his visit to the Sailor's Snug Harbour, will save pages of explanation:—

"The information you have obtained relative to a person deceased, or supposed to be deceased, of the name of Miles Slowbury," wrote Mr. Swoop, "may or

may not be of service to us. I do, to a certain extent, give you credit for the cross-questioning which brought it out. But you think too much of it, my dear fellow; and another thing let me tell you—although it happened to turn out well, you acted your part clumsily. With a man of a more suspicious disposition than old Amos Jepson, the way you put the question might have defeated your object, and sealed the man's lips altogether. They are 'kittle folk' to deal with, these 'ancient mariners.' In some respects they are free and open as the ocean upon which the better portion of their lives has been passed; in others deep and unfathomable as

some parts of that ocean's depths, and as uncertain as the elements with which they have been used to do battle. One never knows where to take them, and, as a general rule, I have found them to entertain a most absurd prejudice against us of the legal profession. The fact is they are, in general, *too* honest and truthful. If there is one man more than another with whom I hate to have anything to do, in relation to an intricate or delicate piece of work, it is your thoroughly honest, open-hearted man—be he seaman or landsman. I don't mean the man who makes a *profession* of his honesty and integrity. Such men are the best subjects in the world to help one out in these delicate matters. Hold out a sufficient bait to them, and they will shy and play round it for a time, as the gudgeons play round the bait of the skilful angler; but they are sure to bite, and swallow the hook, sooner or later. No; I mean the *real* honest man. You are sure to catch a *rogue* tripping, in the end, whether he be one of the thorough-going or the sanctimonious class; but your really and truly honest man's strength consists in his simplicity. You can't find a flaw in his statements wherewith to overthrow him. Now there is this man-Jack (excuse the pun) of whom I spoke in my last letter. I was a long time before I could get a civil word from him. He seemed to bear a sort of instinctive dislike to me. In vain I flattered him, and spoke of his travels in distant lands, and expressed my admiration of sailors generally. It wouldn't do. The best answer I could get was a sort of grunt, and I was well off if I didn't receive a sneering reply. At length, however, I found out that he had been married, and had some strange notions in his head that his wife might be still alive, and that he had, or ought to have, a child living. I saw that he was fond of children, and so, by baiting my hook anew, in a manner that you will hear more of anon, I contrived to get on his blind side; and now, I think, I have got him safe. It is somewhat singular that, when I set out on this business, I thought *only* of the child, and my hope was to curry favour with the young woman, Nancy Slowbury, that through her I might get to a knowledge of the child's history. It was not until I entered the car at Troy, and heard, from the conversation going forward, that the Captain had been many years in India, and that he had led a remarkably adventurous life, that my attention was directed to *him*. Then the singularity of his name, and his strong likeness to a certain family that we have had some acquaintance with, struck me forcibly, and it was not long before I was satisfied that this man was a more important personage to our little drama than either the woman or the child. With Nancy Slowbury, therefore, I have hardly exchanged a dozen words since I have been at Niagara. I can see that she dislikes and distrusts me more than ever; but, if my suspicions are well founded, *her* dislike and distrust are of very little consequence.

"To return, however, to this amphibious being who goes by the name of Captain Jack. I have discovered that he signs himself, when he does take pen in hand, which, I take it, is very seldom, as 'John Jack,' and that Jack is his pseudo-surname, and not simply his baptismal name, as I at one time fancied."

"I say his pseudo-surname because I have discovered that it is, to say the least, doubtful whether either John or Jack are his real names."

"The first day on which I contrived to get into friendly conversation with him, I said, as if carelessly—

"Yours is rather an uncommon name, Captain, and, with the title of Captain prefixed to it, has a very singular sound."

"'Brother,' he replied (he has a very peculiar and quaint nautical style of phraseology)—'Brother, Jack is a name as is easy said and easy writ, and to my mind John tackles on uncommon well 'longside o' Jack. The names are kinder simultaneous. But hark'ee, brother. I'm had a great many 'purser's names' in the course o' my 'spierence, and Jack wor the name as allers suited me *best*. Fur, to tell the truth, I hev my doubts as to my reel name.'

"'Indeed!' said I. (Here was another point gained, do you see?) 'Indeed! but surely your baptismal register would easily settle that question?'

"'Don't know as I hev one, brother,' replied the Captain. 'Don't know as ever I wor baptized. I mought ha' been, and then, ag'in, I moughtn't. I hev my doubts.'

"'But, Captain,' I went on to say—for my object was to draw him out—it's a matter of importance that you *should* know, for many reasons. You could easily make the necessary inquiries at the place of your birth, and, if you *really* do not know, could ascertain the names of your parents.'

"'Well,' returned the Captain, 'I reckon how you're right thar, brother. I s'pose I must ha' had a place o' birth some'eres or other; and I s'pose, in the reg'lar coorse o' natur, I must ha' had parents—two on 'em, I reckon, like other folks. 'Tain't to be s'posed as I come into the world w'out 'em more'n another. But I never know'd my parents, and I ha'n't no recollection whatsumever o' them.'

"'Supposing,' said I, 'you had a fortune left you; how could you claim it if you don't know the name of your parents?'

"'Tain't likely, brother; 'tain't likely,' replied the Captain; 'and, more'n that, I don't want a fortun'. I've got two thousand dollars a year, c'lar money, every dollar on't honestly arned, and that's as much as I car's to spend.'

"'But you say you were married, Captain?' said I."

"'Yes; *that* ar a fac,' answered the Captain. "'Twor in Injee, at Seringapatam. Thar ain't no doubts 'bout that in my mind, though I've lost the sartificate.'

"'Well, then, in what name were you married?'

"'Name o' Jack, in coorse,' said the Captain, somewhat impatiently. 'My wife wor Mrs. Jack—Mrs. Alice Jack—and her name afore that wor Alice Martin. Them names were on the sartificate.'

"'I've heard you say,' I went on, 'that you are not certain whether your wife is dead or not; and you are not sure whether you have, or ever had, a child?'

"'No; them ar doubtful p'int's,' answered the Captain, shaking his head sorrowfully. 'I wish they wor cl'ared up—specially 'bout the child.'

"'The child's name would, of course, be Jack?' said I."

"'The child's name, if ever I had a child, would be Alice Jack if so be that child wor a gal, and John Jack if so be that child wor a boy,' said the Captain, oracularly; 'but I expect, if ever I *did* hev a child, it wor a gal I had,' he added."

"'Well, now,' said I, 'supposing you *have* a child living, and were fortunate enough to discover that child; and then suppose you had a fortune—a large fortune—left you: would it not be desirable, for the child's sake, that you should, if possible—and I am

\* A "purser's name" is the term applied among seamen to the false names in which sailors frequently sign articles on board ship, as much from whim and for the sake of a change as from any other cause. I have known sailors who made it a point to change their names every time they joined a new ship.

confident that it is possible—ascertain the names of your parents and the place of your birth?"

"I made sure I had him there, and any ordinary human being would have had his curiosity awakened by my impressive manner of speaking. But there's where it is with these sort of people. As I have said, you never know where to take them. The Captain grew restive, and I found that I had almost gone too far. A little more, and I should have spoilt the game.

"I've told yer," he said, 'as I have fortun' enow. If yer can help me to find the child, as yer says yer thinks yer can, well and good. I'll be thankful, and yer shan't hev no call to complain; but I don't like this 'ere cross-questionin', and, more'n that, I wunt hev it, mister. So now I'm told yer my mind on that p'int. That's why I don't like you lawyers: you allus seems as if you wasn't ersactly speakin' up yer minds."

"I changed the topic of conversation, of course, and brought the Captain round to a good-humour again; but I did not again allude to the child.

"I have much to say that I cannot explain in, nor would I trust it to, a letter. You shall hear all when we meet. The Captain and Miss Slowbury and the child leave this for Cape Cod this day week. I shall go with them as far as Albany, and there take the boat or the cars to New York.

"And now, Nettletop, let me warn you to keep a still tongue in your head. Don't allow an inkling of this affair to get abroad. It might ruin all. You know, as well as I do, that you are apt to talk too much. I am almost sorry now that you went to Staten Island. Old Jepson's suspicions may be aroused. However, I will trust to your discretion in this matter. You will see me, probably, about a week after you receive this letter. Until then, believe me,

"Yours faithfully,

"Jabez Nettletop, Esq.,

"ISAAC SWOOP.

"Nassau Street, New York."

"Yours faithfully," muttered Mr. Nettletop when he had finished the reading of this long epistle, which occupied three sheets of post paper.

"Very faithfully, I calculate! He's almost sorry I went to Staten Island? I guess he is! Didn't he ask me to go? It's just like him. He hardly says a word about my finding out about the man Slowbury, though I expect he's better pleased about that than all he's done himself. He'll turn it to account, and then he'll take all the credit to himself, as usual. Me blab! When did he ever know me to blab? I should like to ask him that, before witnesses—yes, before witnesses. He's always going on at me, yet it was me that brought the money that first gave the firm a start.

"Still he is a cute, smart con. There's no denying that. But I do wish he'd let me deeper into his secrets. Even now I really don't know what track he's upon. I have a general idea of what he's up to, and that is all. But I will know when he comes up to New York. I will, so sure as my name's Nettletop; or else—I'll sting him. Ha, ha! very good that. I'll sting him. He shall find Nettletops can sting, as well as worms will turn, when they are trampled upon;" and, somewhat restored to good-humour by his pun, Mr. Nettletop—according to advice—carefully burnt the letter, and then quitted his office for the day.

#### CHAPTER XXX.—THE UPTONS AT SARATOGA SPRINGS.

THE season at Saratoga Springs was just commencing when the minister of Acton, and his wife, daughter,

and nephew, arrived at that fashionable summer resort from Niagara Falls. The Uptons, as is the case with thousands of American families, in a respectable position in society, who live in remote country districts, had never, since their eldest child was born, been absent from home for a week at a time. It was not for want of means; for, as I have heretofore hinted, the minister possessed a small independent income exclusive of the salary he received from his church. Neither was it for lack of interest; for there had been scarcely a year, since Mr. Upton had brought his young wife from England, wherein they had not fully made up their minds to take a long holiday, and visit all the most prominent places within reasonable distance of their abode—next year; and an ample supply of money for the purpose had been laid aside a dozen different times, and had been as many different times expended in some other manner. It was rather because, like many other married couples in their rank of life, they had become settled down into a sort of domestic groove from which they found it difficult to swerve. Once start them out of the regular beaten track, and they would have gone anywhere and everywhere, so far as their comparatively limited means would have carried them, and would have enjoyed themselves vastly, and all the more on account of the scarcity of their holidays. But, until the somewhat romantic marriage of their eldest daughter, nothing had occurred to disturb the even tenour of their lives.

Week after week, month after month, year after year—every day had brought its appointed duties, and to the best of their ability the pastor and his wife had fulfilled those duties. They had rejoiced over the birth of their children, and they had sorrowed over their death, and these had been their brightest rejoicings and their bitterest sorrows. Their greatest earthly happiness had been to watch over the infancy and childhood and dawning womanhood of the two children who had been spared to them. The education of these two children had been their heaviest, yet their most pleasing source of anxiety. Thus had it happened that their great holiday had been so long deferred. When the girls were infants their mother could not leave them; while they were young children she did not like to leave them; and when they grew towards womanhood both father and mother thought it better to wait a little longer, and then the girls could go with them. So for twenty-five years Mr. Upton had satisfied his craving for change of scene with his annual visit to Boston to attend the religious meetings held in that city during the month of May; and once, during those twenty-five years of wedded life, Mrs. Upton had accompanied her husband to Boston, and on that occasion Mr. Upton had extended his ordinary three weeks' holiday to a month, by returning home to Acton by way of New York, and spending a few days in the latter city.

Then came round the great event of their quiet lives, their daughter Ellen's marriage; and, ere the excitement caused by the marriage had died away, George Neville arrived on a long-promised visit to his aunt.

So it was finally resolved that, if nothing unforeseen should occur to prevent it, the minister and his family should, during the ensuing summer, pay the long-deferred and oft-postponed visit to Niagara Falls.

The subsequent visit to Saratoga Springs was a concession on the part of the minister to the importunities of his wife and daughter. He would gladly have remained at Niagara until the full term of his holiday had expired; but Mrs. Upton—good matronly lady, loving and devoted wife, and indulgent mother, as she was—had been seized with a natural feminine longing,



an Eve-like curiosity, to pay a visit, just for once in her life, to the great resort of fashion, Saratoga Springs, and not to mingle with, but just to hover round for awhile, the votaries of the fashionable world. Cousin Mary, of course, supported her mother. "It would be so nice," she said, "just to see the fashions, and learn how to make up their things to the best advantage. It would save so much money to her father, and so much time to herself and her mother." The minister called upon George Neville to support his views; but he found, or declared, that his nephew had been tampered with by the ladies. George declared that he thought they would all derive much benefit from drinking the mineral waters at the Springs. The minister found himself decidedly in the minority, and, as majorities are supposed always to govern in the United States, he was forced to yield.

"Mr. Van Broek and dear Ellen will meet us at Saratoga Springs," said Mrs. Upton to her husband, in the course of their journey, in the hope of bringing him round to her views. "I wrote to ask them, and I received a reply this morning. Ellen writes that she and her husband have taken rooms at the United States Hotel, and they will be at Saratoga on Thursday—that is, you know, this day—the very day upon which we shall arrive. Only think, my dear; we haven't seen dear Ellen since she left us the day after she was married!"

"I shall be very glad indeed to see *her*," replied the minister; "but, my dear wife, I'd much rather meet her and her husband at our quiet home at Acton."

"Ellen writes in excellent spirits," continued Mrs. Upton, evading a direct reply to the minister's insinuation. "They've taken a suite of rooms, and Mr. Van Broek, she says, has insisted upon her purchasing I don't know how many new dresses, and has presented her with some magnificent necklaces and bracelets. I shouldn't wonder," she added, after a pause, "if Ellen attracts a great deal of attention."

"As the young wife of the wealthy patroon I dare say she will, my dear," sententiously replied Mr. Upton.

"On account of her own beauty I meant, my dear," said Mrs. Upton, with a mother's pride. "Dress and jewellery will set off to advantage dear Ellen's dignified, thoughtful, and regular features, and her clear olive complexion, and graceful, and somewhat stately form. Now our darling Mary has that style of beauty which I think appears to the best advantage the more simply she is attired. Mary never looks better than when dressed in plain white muslin, and with that old-fashioned gold necklace, that belonged to her grandmother Upton, round her neck. I do think, my dear William, that *our* daughters will be among the most admired of all the ladies, married or single, that will be assembled at Saratoga."

"My dear, good wife," said Mr. Upton, "I don't like to hear you talk in that manner; and, since we are going to stay a week at Saratoga, I could almost wish that Van Broek and Ellen were not to be there, much as I long to see my dear child. I would sooner see her at any other place, especially since Mary is with us. I know Mary is very fond of her sister, and I don't think the dear child has a particle of envy in her disposition; still she will be exposed to sore temptation. She will see her sister richly dressed every day, and admired and courted as the wife of the patroon more than on account of her own worth and beauty, good girl though Ellen is; while she—Mary I mean—will be made to feel

her poverty, and will be neglected. Nay, perhaps Mr. Van Broek—perhaps even Ellen herself—may feel ashamed of us and our comparative poverty amid the gay and extravagant society at the Springs."

"Never, dear William; never!" exclaimed Mrs. Upton, indignantly. "Ellen will never be ashamed of her parents and her sister—dear child!"

"Well, I hope not, my love," said the minister: "I was only expressing my fears of what may be. I regret sometimes that Ellen married so wealthy a man as Mr. Van Broek. I humbly hope that Mr. Van Broek's visit to the White Mountains, through which he became acquainted with our daughter, may not prove the source of future anxieties. I almost wish that Ellen could have made up her mind to accept Henry Willis, the deacon's eldest son. We then should have had her, in a manner, still with us, and she would not have soared above the station in life in which she was born and bred. At all events, had I known that you intended to ask Mr. Van Broek and Ellen to meet us at the Springs, I should have objected to your doing so."

The above conversation took place at the hotel in Albany in which the party were awaiting the arrival of the Saratoga train. Mr. Upton rose from his seat, and walked about the room evidently annoyed; but, perceiving that his wife was hurt by his remonstrances, he came towards her, and laying his hand gently on her shoulder, he said—

"At all events, we must make the best of it now, my dear Ellen. Only I wish you had told me that you were going to write to our daughter, and then I should have advised you to say nothing about our purposed stay at Saratoga, but rather to have invited her and her husband, if he chose to come, to meet us at Acton on our return home. However, what is done can't be undone. We must just make the best of it. I was only speaking for yours and for the children's sakes, my dear."

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Upton, "Henry Willis is not half good enough for such a girl as our Ellen, nor for Mary either."

"Well, well, my dear; perhaps not," replied the minister. "But the Saratoga train will be here in ten minutes. We ought to settle where we shall put up. We can't think of the United States or any of the other great hotels, where there are balls every night, and where the ladies are expected to change their dresses three times a day at least, even if we were willing to incur the expense of these crowded resorts?"

"I have heard that there are family boarding-houses at Saratoga," replied Mrs. Upton, "at which single visitors or families who may desire either to escape the constant round of gaiety, or the expense of the hotels, may find comfortable board and lodging at a very moderate cost. Not more than one dollar a day for each person; a lady was telling me so the other day."

"One of these houses will best suit us for other reasons besides the expenses of the great hotels," said the minister. "But—"

"But will dear Ellen like to find us lodging at one of these humble places, you were going to say, William?" interposed Mrs. Upton. "Now I'm sure Ellen—dear girl—unless she is wonderfully changed, would prefer to live in one of these quiet houses herself."

"No, my dear wife," said Mr. Upton; "I was going to say, will Ellen's *husband* like people to know that his wife's parents are lodged so humbly? I dare say Ellen would be glad to see us anywhere; but she has another person's pleasure to consult now. And that is why I could have wished that you had not written to Ellen, my dear. Then we could have put up at some private

boarding-house, and walked about, and drunk the waters, and amused ourselves by watching all that was going on, without attracting the notice of any one, and without being ourselves an annoyance to any one. However, my dear, we must do the best we can, and I'll promise to say no more about the matter."

"Any ladies and gentlemen for Saratoga Springs?" inquired a waiter, putting his head in at the door of the waiting-room. "The kerrige is at the door. On'y jist time to get to the depôt and ketch the train. Cars start in less'n a quarter of an hour."

Mr. and Mrs. Upton hurried to the door, where they found George and Mary awaiting them.

"Come, aunt, get into the carriage," said George. "We're the last. All the other carriages have gone off, loaded with passengers, to the depôt. We shall miss the train."

"All right, sir. Time enough, on'y be smart," said the driver. "Now then, jump in, ladies."

The party entered the carriage, and in five minutes arrived at the depôt, where the conductors and porters were hurrying the passengers into the cars.

They quickly responded to the cry of "All aboard!"—now grown familiar to their ears—and in a few minutes were flying at express speed over the Albany and Saratoga Railroad. An hour and a half sufficed to whirl them over the fifty miles' distance between the capital and Saratoga village; and during the rapid journey the question was debated whether or not the Van Broeks had yet arrived at Saratoga from New York city, and whether, if they had arrived, they would be at the depôt to meet the Albany train.

It was a question soon settled. The train had not been brought to a stand-still within the depôt when the quick eyes of Mary Upton recognised her sister Ellen amongst the throng of visitors who make it a practice at Saratoga Springs to await the arrival of the trains, either in the hope of meeting their own friends, or merely for the sake of excitement.

"Mamma—mamma—I told you so. There is Ellen!" exclaimed the young lady, and immediately the cars stopped she sprang out on to the platform. The crowd of spectators had been left behind by the advancing train; but Ellen also had seen and recognised her sister, and in a few moments she and Mary were in each other's arms.

"Here are papa and mamma, and cousin George," said Mary, a few moments afterwards, as she led her sister to the car from which the party were alighting, and a mutually affectionate greeting and embrace ensued between the parents and their married child.

"We only arrived from New York an hour ago," said Ellen, as Mr. Van Broek came up and shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Upton, and George and Mary; "but I persuaded Julius to come to the depôt, for I felt certain that you'd come by this train. We're at the United States. Of course you'll come to the same hotel? You must, you know; for Julius has engaged rooms for you. I made him engage rooms for you at the same time that he was engaging ours."

Mrs. Upton shook her head. "We are going to a private boarding-house, my love," she said.

"Oh, mamma! after we've engaged rooms for you. It's too bad."

"A fashionable hotel is hardly so suitable to a clergyman, my love, as is a private boarding-house."

"Oh, if that's all," cried Ellen, "there are four of the most fashionable preachers in New York at the United States, and four more at the Congress Hall. Aren't there, Julius? We've learnt that already."

"But your papa is *not* a fashionable preacher, my love," said Mrs. Upton. Then, whispering in her daughter's ear, she added, with a smile, "And my Ellen forgets that *she* is a fine lady now, to whom expense is a matter of little moment. We must study cheapness, my dear. Our journey to Niagara has already cost your papa a great deal of money."

Still Ellen was disappointed.

"I was building upon our being in the same hotel together," she murmured.

Meanwhile, however, Mr. Van Broek and Mr. Upton had arranged it between them that, since the former had engaged rooms, and they would have to be paid for for one week at least, the Uptons should go to the United States Hotel for the week of their proposed sojourn at Saratoga, and, meanwhile, if they thought of remaining longer, they could look about them for rooms at some comfortable boarding-house.

So Mr. Upton did put up at one of the great hotels after all; and Ellen said gleefully to her mother, as they quitted the depôt—

"Papa is going among the fashionable preachers, you see, mamma; and I'm sure he's as much *right* to be a fashionable preacher *himself* as the best among them."

## PIOR.\*

### A DESERT IDYL.

At even, when the fervent sun declined,  
The preacher came, and stood upon his rock  
Without the city; and the crowd went forth  
And gathered round. The old man prayed to God,  
In brief words slowly welling from a heart  
That yearned to win for God the souls of men—  
Then spake of Christ's dear love. Long time he spake,  
Persuading, and convincing, and with tears  
Imploring those who heard to give themselves  
To God by taking Christ within their hearts,  
And counting all else dross. "For know," he cried,  
"Ye cannot win the Lord to be *your* Lord,  
"Holding aught else more dear. Hear what He saith—  
"Who loveth father, mother, more than Me,  
"He is not worthy of Me."

### Words like these

Had pierced the breast of Pior, kindling there  
A flame that leaped towards self-sacrifice,  
And fired his soul with zeal. The holy man  
Had spread his palms of blessing o'er the crowd,  
And sought his solitary cell. The crowd  
Had wandered back within the city walls,  
And Pior stood alone on the scarped rock  
Whence prayer was wont to rise, and burning words  
Came ploughing up men's hearts. Night brooded down  
With sudden gloom as the broad orb of day  
Glared, bloodshot, through the many-mantled mists  
Heavy with dew—then dipped below the world.

Urged by his new-born zeal, on the bare rock  
The young man, o'er whose head not twenty suns  
Had shed their mellowing rays, deliberate, knelt,  
And vowed a vow to God—vowed never more  
To cherish human loves—never again  
To look upon the face of any kin—  
To give up father, mother, sister dear,  
And noble-hearted brothers—to cast loose  
All earthly bonds—to wrench away his heart  
From all sweet ties of home and natural love,  
For the sole love of God and God's dear Christ.

The chilly night-dews gave their dank embrace  
To the uprising outcast, as he turned  
Skywards his steadfast eye to where the stars  
Set their night watches in the blue-black arch  
O'erstriding the dun world. No backward look  
He gave to the old home where dwelt his sire,  
And all the dear ones—dear no more—but forth  
Into the deepening gloom of the wide waste  
He wandered on and on. For nights and days,

\* Pior was a disciple of Antony. His story is told in ecclesiastical history: time, towards the close of the fourth century. It is one of the most striking illustrations on record of the unnatural and degrading perversion of Christianity in early times.

For many days and nights, he wandered on,  
Beneath the searing sun, the lambent moon,  
And the unclouded sky. With hunger fell,  
And throttling thirst that split his arid lips  
And choked the rising prayer, he bravely fought,  
And quelled their rage by suffering. Never once  
His purpose faltered—on, still ever on—  
Seeking, amid the homeless sands, a home  
Where the world was not—only God and he.  
Such home at last he found. The caverned tomb  
Of a forgotten Pharaoh, hewn with tools  
Long rusted into dust, received him worn  
And spent with his long travel. Trickling drops  
Of water oozing from their rock-ribbed fount  
Nourished a scanty patch of verdure 'neath  
The shadow of the rock; and hermit hands  
Had tilled the shallow soil, where grew green pulse  
And lenten herbs, which he who planted them  
Had not survived to reap. In his own grave—  
The grave himself had hollowed in the sands—  
The grave that was his lonely dying bed—  
The dead man lay, with passionless face upturned,  
And fleshless hands crossed on his tranquil breast;  
The dull glazed eye, which no kind friend had closed,  
Asking the guerdon of a little sand  
To cover him from sight. Pior stooped down  
On weary knees, and with his weary arms  
Heaped dust on dust, and levelled the lone grave;  
Murmuring low thanks the while to the unknown  
Whose heir he had become.

Here Pior lived  
Year after year, and tilled his heritage,  
And ate its fruits, and drank the living spring—  
Praying and working—working aye with prayer;  
And seeking God, whom who that seeks aught  
Fails not to find. With fasting and with toil,  
He grew a haggard man before his time,  
And rough with savageness: his hair, sun-tanned,  
Streamed o'er his tattered garb, which from his shrunk  
And sapless limbs dropped piecemeal. Then a goat  
Came bounding past, which Pior slew, and draped  
Himself i' the spoils—nor felt a wish for more.

At times, when the slant sun shone o'er the plain,  
And tipped with flame the remnants of old days  
Of empire, and lit up the shattered shaft,  
And tomb pyramidal, and clustered wrecks  
Of that old grandeur, giving to them shapes  
Akin to living homes,—remembrances  
Would steal to Pior's heart of that old home  
Where she who bore him, and his aged sire,  
Mourned, doubtless, for him lost. Of Phene, oft,  
His sister—his twin sister, whom he loved—  
The memory would come back: but while he prayed  
That God would pluck them from their idol faith,  
He scorned his nature's frailty and weak love;  
For all such memories he deemed a snare,  
And drove them from him, vowing o'er his vow  
Afresh—to live for God and God alone.

The slow years crawled along: the weary trail  
Of circumstance that scarcely knew a change  
Dragged o'er the Solitary's mind and heart,  
Abrading down all passions, all desires—  
Nor these alone, but all sweet sympathies,  
Which are the kindly fruit that passion bears  
When gently nurtured. Few men came to him;  
For his lone rock stood wide of travel's track:  
Few saw or spake to him; but of the few  
Some spread his praise abroad. As time flew by  
Men talked of him in cities, and his fame  
For sanctity and harsh austerity,  
That mocked all pleasures and delights of sense,  
Startled the sensual in their excess,  
And roused the self-denying to deny  
Themselves yet more. True hearts, who sought for light  
To guide them through the thickets of the dark  
Crowding their life-track, came to him for help;  
And pilgrims from the far-off kingdoms came,  
And brought him gifts, which Pior aye refused—  
Or, if he took them at their iterate plea,  
Broke, or consumed with fire. And still to all  
Who sought his counsel he would sternly preach,  
"Cast off the world, and give your hearts to God."

Five times ten troublous years had rolled away  
Since Pior, with his vow upon his soul,  
Had turned from the old home to live with God.  
That home had long been silent now: the sire  
Long dead, the mother sleeping at his side:  
The noble-hearted brothers gave their lives  
Where their best blood was due, when Freedom called  
And marshalled them to battle and to death.  
Phene, the golden-haired and violet-eyed

Sweet sister, married to a Roman knight,  
Had borne him seven sons—the seven sons,  
Death-garnered all, had vanished from her side,  
And left her lorn and widowed. To that home,  
In her old age, she came, yearning at heart  
To kindle the old loves at the old shrine,  
And with their fitful glimmer to light up  
The memories of old days, and in their arms—  
Their shadowy arms—to die. Ere long, new hope,  
A brighter hope, was born within her breast;  
For Rumour, thousand-voiced, sang in her ear  
The name of Pior—Pior sage and good,—  
The dweller in the desert—owed to God—  
Pior, Modestus' son. And Phene knew  
It was her brother.

Then she roused herself,  
And called her slaves, and gave them gold and store  
Of food for journeying, and bade them haste  
On fleetest camels o'er the weary route  
That lay 'twixt her and Pior. "Say to him,"  
She said, with bursting tears, "his sister sends  
"To greet him with all love: tell him she waits  
"At the old home—waits with o'erbrimming heart,  
"To look once more upon her brother's face."  
The men set forth, and, journeying with haste,  
Traversed the desert wide; and the third week  
Saw them return—but not with him return  
Whom they had gone to seek. "He cannot come,"  
They said, when Phene stretched her aged arms  
To clasp him—"Say I cannot, must not come."  
"Such were his only words, repeated oft,  
"And at the last with anger, when he drove  
"Us forth."

"O fools, and heartless!" Phene said;  
"Y'have done your errand ill. My brother deemed  
"Ye mocked him, and would lure him to his hurt.  
"Now shall ye forth once more. Take fleetest steeds  
"This time—and mark!—show him this amulet:  
"My brother knows it well; it was his gift  
"When we were children. Show't him: he will come!"  
Obedient to her will, the men set forth  
Again, and sooner than before returned,  
But brought not Pior. "For he will not come,"  
They said. "He knew thy token—knew 'twas thine—  
"His gift; but still he said, 'I cannot come;  
"I must not, cannot come'—no word beside—  
"And drove us forth."

Then Phene in her grief  
Sank to the ground, and knew not what to do  
To quench the love and sorrow of her soul.  
"He cannot come," she mused; "he must not come"—  
"What mean the words? There is some hateful bond,  
"Perchance, which binds him to that desert place—  
"Some bond my brother cannot loose. I know,  
"I feel it must be so. I'll set him free."

Then she arose, and, donning sad attire,  
Went forth into the streets, and, passing through  
The Forum, came unto the Abbot's house.  
The Abbot heard her tale, and marvelled much  
Why Pior did not come. "Be not cast down,"  
He said. "Some pilgrims who go forth to-night  
"Shall bear him strict command to come to thee.  
"Be comforted: thy brother comes to thee,  
"Be sure, at my command."

Then Phene smiled,  
And dashed away her tears, and hastened home  
Content. There, with her maidens, day by day,  
She wrought, with feeble hands, but gladsome heart,  
To make the old place bright and young again;  
That Pior, when he came, might find his home  
As he had left it long, long years ago,  
Nor wish to quit it more.

When Pior read  
The Abbot's brief command, he poured some pulse  
Into his scrip, filled full his water-skin,  
And girt them on him. Grasping then his staff,  
On naked feet he took the lonely track  
Towards the still star that glimmers o'er the north.  
Nine days he journeyed on, o'er sand and rock,  
And sun-blain grass, and fragmentary tombs;  
Earthing himself at night in lonesome lairs.  
Of hunger-haunted beasts, or scooping out  
His couch i' the drifted sand. On the tenth day,  
When the round sun was lowering o'er the west,  
He passed the city gate, and stood before  
The house that was his sire's. A ragged carle  
Lay in the shadow of the portal; him  
Pior bade strike upon the door, and tell  
That he stood there without—then closed his eyes  
And settled firm his feet.



As shakes the reed—  
The withered reed that quivers with the breath  
Of the night-wind—so aged Phene shook  
And trembled in her gladness, when she heard  
That Pior was without. With tottering haste  
She gained the door, and, throwing wide her arms,  
Fell on his neck and kissed him, and again  
Kissed his swart cheek, and spake endearing words,  
And pressed him to her breast.

But Pior stood  
Unmoved: no answering word came from his lips;  
No brotherly embrace returned her clasp;  
Not even a look to say "I loathe thee not!"  
Met her full gaze of love. Like a carved trunk  
Of stone the stern man stood, and gave no sign  
Of life—for life is love—his face avert,  
His shaggy brows compressed.

Then Phene loosed  
Her twining arms, and turned to meet his eyes.  
"O my loved brother! O my better life!"  
She cried. "The gods have reft thee of thy sight,  
"And thrust upon thee blindness with old age."  
"My brother, henceforth I will be thine eyes,  
"And tend thee as a mother tends her child,  
"And shed around thee never-dying light  
"From love's sweet fire that burns about my heart.  
"Ah me, I knew not this!"

But Pior shook  
His head, and opened wide his flashing orbs,  
And gazed—but not on her—up to the heavens  
He gazed, and silently unto his soul  
Rehearsed his vow—and closed his eyes again.

Then Phene: "Turn thine eyes on me, my brother,  
"My more than love and life, my all in all.  
"Look on me, Pior—take me to thy heart—  
"Mo, thy loved sister, twin-born of thy life,  
"That cradled with thee in thine infancy,  
"That sucked the same sweet fount that nourished thee,  
"That wove her life with thine ere life had words  
"To tell how dear thou wert. Oh, give me back  
"Thyself, my brother—else all earth is void!"

But Pior stood unmoved—no word, no sign  
Of life or love—like a carved trunk of stone  
He sternly stood—eyes closed and brows a-cowl.  
No deep-drawn breath upheaved his steady breast:  
No moisture glistened on his bloodless cheek.

Forlorn, and shuddering with an icy dread  
That clutched her throbbing heart, yet once again—  
Her words slow struggling midst the floods of grief—  
Her thin hands feeling for the brother's hand  
Which proffered not its grasp—her burning tears  
Down wo-worn channels dripping like a fount,—  
Fond Phene spake, "Pior," she said, "the days  
"Of fifty years have severed me and thee,  
"But have not quenched one ray of love for thee,  
"My brother, now my all, all else being gone.  
"The gods have called my husband to their clime,  
"And my seven sons have perished by the sword,  
"Or sickness, deadlier than the sword, of war—  
"Cut off by fate's decree in far-off lands;  
"And I alone am left: in all the world  
"There live not of our house but thou and I,  
"Look on me, Pior—on thy playmate sister,  
"The little loved one of the vanished years,  
"Who hath but thee to love. Oh, let me see  
"Thine eyes—thy once fond eyes—and let me feel  
"Thy clasping arms, and feel a brother's heart  
"Beating against my heart; and let me hear  
"Thy loved voice speaking words of love! Ah me,  
"My brother, give me, give me back thyself—  
"Look on me—speak—and love me, or I die!"

She could no more, but through her blinding tears  
Gazed on her brother, who no answering word  
Or look returned. He had a vow in heaven.

Then Phene's senses swam, and as she gazed  
On Pior's motionless form, which mocked her gaze  
With its dread horrible calm, she reeled and fell  
Prone at her brother's feet—her vexed brain stilled  
In friendly stupor.

Pior heard her fall:  
He heard the steps of those who from the house  
Came running forth with ready hands to help;  
He heard them bear her back into the house,  
Murmuring soft words of pity as they went.  
And then he turned, and grasped his trusty staff,  
And set his face towards the wilderness;  
And as the night came down he journeyed back  
To his lone rock. So Pior kept his vow.

CHARLES MANBY SMITH.

## THE SCULPTURED SEPULCHRES OF THE CELTS IN BRITANNY.

BY S. E. PATTISON, F.G.S.

THERE is now no doubt whatever that all the structures called in this country cromlechs, consisting of a large, flat, unhewn stone, raised on similar stones placed vertically, so as to form a chamber, once covered over by a mound of earth or stone, or both, were the burial-places of persons of distinction anterior to the Roman occupation. A recent visit to Brittany, where the remains of the ancient people are most numerous and in the best preservation, induces me to attempt to add somewhat to the popular knowledge on this subject. In the course of the investigation it will be seen that the inquiry throws light upon other branches of study which are of great present interest and importance. "*On the Pillar-worship of the Celts.*" See "*Leisure Hour*" for April.)

The southern coast-line of Brittany towards the Bay of Biscay is formed of low granite headlands and intervening sandy shores, broken up into innumerable bays and islands. The gulf reaching up to Vannes is called the Morbihan Sea, and is said to be studded with as many islands as there are days in the year. The coast and island of Morbihan (which is the name also of the department) abound in prehistoric remains. Of those in and around Carnac, an account, with an engraving, will be found in "*The Leisure Hour*," No. 398.

In September 1865 I approached Brittany by the noble valley of the Loire, and up the coast from St. Nazaire. I there entered the most interesting, but least picturesque portion of the country. I will not trouble the reader with a narrative of travel, which, though extremely pleasant to me, yet afforded no adventure which might not occur to pedestrians in any rural district of our own country. I prefer describing one or two sepulchral monuments existing in the district visited.

Near the avenues of Carnac, and on a peninsula bordering the sea, rises a huge artificial mound, so high as to be visible across the lowlands and seas for upwards of ten miles. This is now called Mount St. Michael, in accordance with the Romanist fashion of consecrating all eminences to this saint. It is surmounted by the ruins of a chapel and a cross. (Fig. 1.)

The mound is raised about 35 feet above the plain, and is about 370 feet long, by about 188 feet wide. On its east side an opening has been made, disclosing a low narrow passage between upright stones, roofed and floored with rough granite slabs, leading to a chamber composed of similar unhewn granite.

This chamber is the principal cavity, and constitutes the interior of the cromlech. If, as in the majority of instances at present, the surrounding earth were removed or washed away, and the avenue stones destroyed, the burial chamber would stand up in the well-known form called a Druid's altar, or dolmen. There is also a small accessory chamber adjoining the principal one, formed in the same manner. There are no marks on the granite walls in this tomb save on the roof, where there are half a dozen shallow round holes, disposed irregularly, apparently without design. The small chamber was, on its discovery, found to be filled with a mixture of dry earth, burnt earth, wood ashes, and fragments of bone. The large chamber was also filled with fine unctuous earth, in which were discovered the following objects (Fig. 2):—

1. A necklace of jasper, the beads not cut, but polished, containing 101 stones.
- 2, 3. Fragments of flint, probably for striking fire.
4. Small tools, having their cutting edges formed of

a hard stone called tremolite, a mineral found sparingly associated with granitic rocks: of these tools there are twenty-six found.

5, 6, 7, 9. Tools or weapons of the ordinary form,

8. A celt of tremolite.

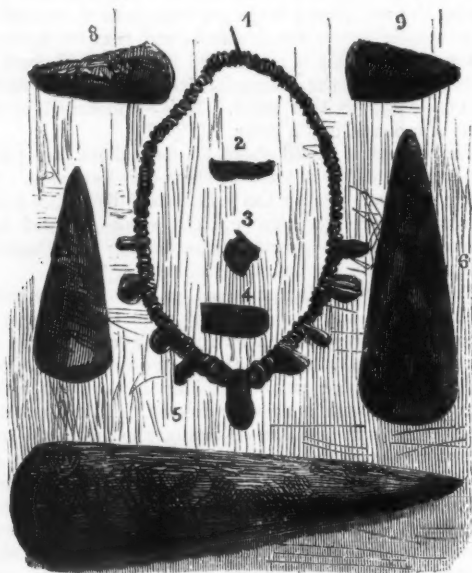
The jade and tremolite must have been obtained by commerce and barter. There is none nearer than the Italian valleys of the Alps.



(Fig. 1.) SEPULCHRE NEAR CORCONO, MOUNT ST. MICHAEL IN THE DISTANCE.

styled celts,\* but formed of the mineral called jade, and worked quite smooth, with cutting edges all round.

There were, besides these, other broken celts, with fragments of an earring bearing traces of exposure to fire. In other parts of the cave more celts were found, buried perpendicularly. Altogether, thirty-nine of these



(Fig. 2.) "OBJECTS FOUND IN MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

This is the highest type of the stone implement, executed in the finest material. Two of the largest celts were broken across.

\* So called from the Latin *celtis*, a chisel. It is rather confusing that this should be also the name of the makers.



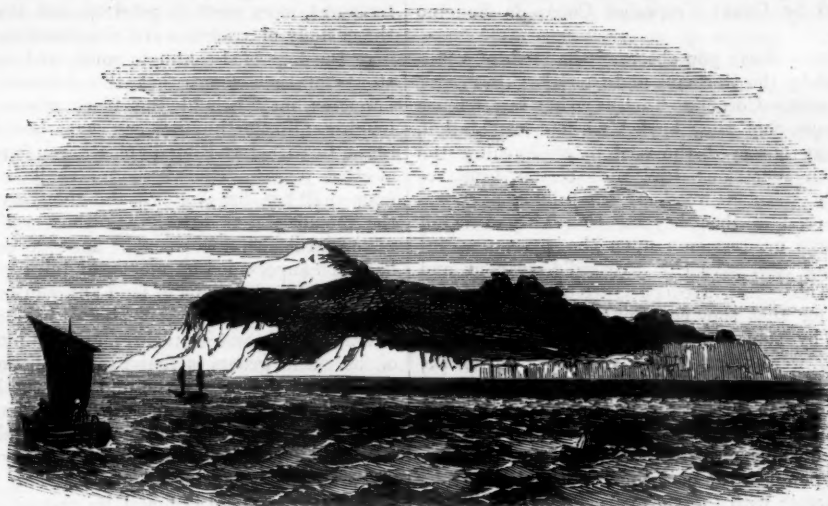
(Fig. 3.) THE DU TUS, GUERNSEY.

Celtic chisels were found in this tumulus. There were a few fragments of bone. Underneath the granite floor, and between it and the natural rock, was a layer of made-earth and stones, containing fragments of bone and burnt wood. There are also traces of fire on the



granite surfaces, and some bits of wood charcoal; the bones have also been burnt. The latter formed un-

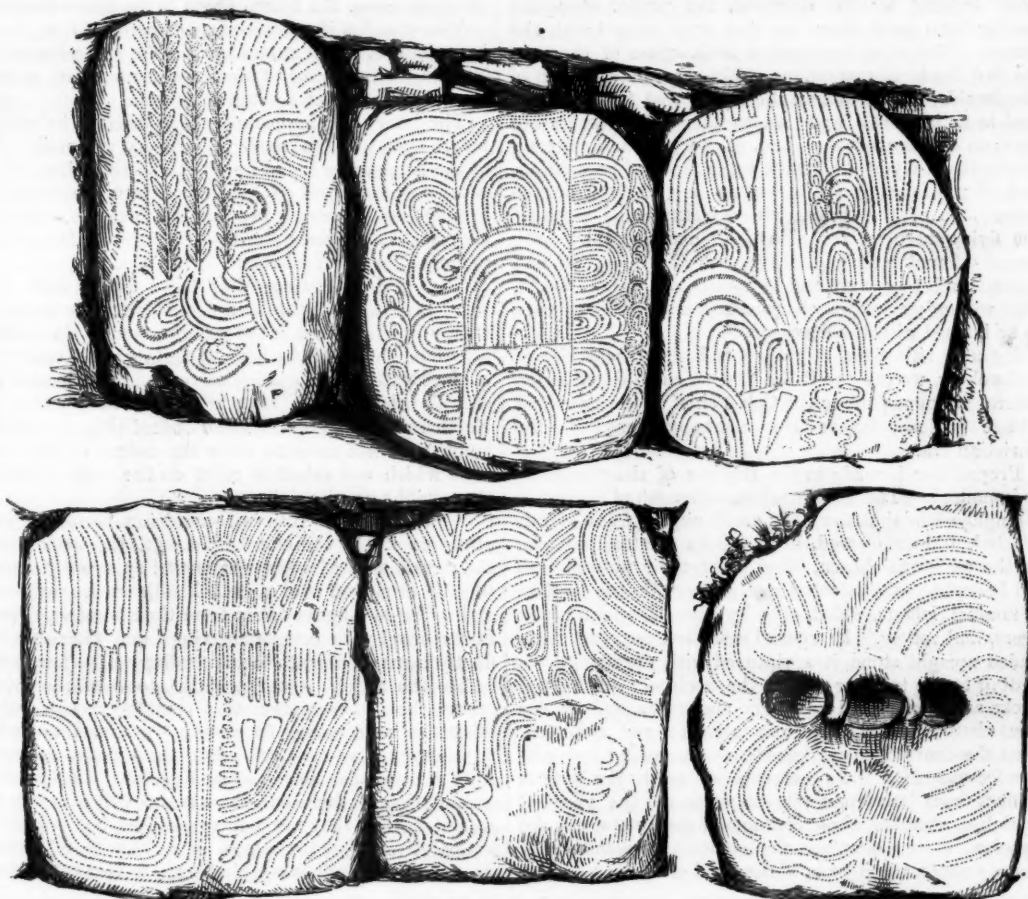
On turning to history for some explanation of these relics, I find the following curious account in a work of



(Fig. 4.) GAYE INNIS (with tumulus on the left).

doubted portions of a human skeleton. All these objects are now preserved together in the public museum at Vannes.

Thomaso Porcacchi da Castiglioni Aretino, upon "Ancient Funerals amongst divers Peoples and Nations, upon the Forms and Pomp of Burial, upon Obsequies, upon



(Fig. 5.) SCULPTURES ON INTERIOR OF SEPULCHRE AT GAYE INNIS.

Ancient Consecrations, etc.," described in dialogue, and published at Venice in 1591.

The dialogue maintained by Count Caesar Locatello d'Alzano and by Count Vespasian Cuoco da Soncino runs thus:—

"Count Vesp.—Have you observed the mode of sepulture practised by the Germans and Gauls?

"Count Caesar.—Cornelius Tacitus writes in reference to the Germans, that they buried without ostentation, and that they observed the custom of burning the bodies of their illustrious dead with certain kinds of very carefully selected wood, as carefully kept apart from all other, but that beyond that they did not place aromatics or garments upon the pyre, nor, indeed, anything else, save the deceased's weapons and his horse. That the grave consisted of sods covered with briars, for that they contemned the great outlay vainly used by some in their funerals and in their tombs. They were wont to wail and weep but little, though they retained their grief and the decomposed corpse for a long while; but their women were allowed to weep. Caesar, in the 6th book of his 'Commentaries,' states that the Gauls, on the other hand, exercised magnificence and pomp in the performance of their funerals, contrasting herein with the Germans, and were wont to throw into the fire in which they burned the corpse all those things, even to animals, which the defunct had most esteemed and prized when alive; and that, just prior to Caesar's time, they had immolated both the servants and dogs which had been known to have been beloved by the deceased, the proper obsequies having been paid them ere they were burned with the corpse. But what Pomponius Mela writes of them in his 3rd book is marvellous. He says, in speaking of the Druids, priests among the Gauls, that they held the soul to be immortal, and that another life is reserved to them in another world. And, in burying and burning the bodies, they held that the same mode of proceeding, and of proclaiming their renown, is practised on the other side of the grave which is employed amongst the living here on this side of it; and that there were persons found who had lived with the departed, and wished still to accompany him into the unseen world, who willingly mounted the pile, and allowed themselves to be burned with the deceased."\*

By such aids from literature and the discoveries of archaeology, we can recall the past so as to describe the funeral honours paid to the Celtic chief in the stone and bronze periods, before the commencement of the Christian era.

Preparation is made in the lifetime of the person to be honoured. The whole available strength of the people is employed in the task. A knoll visible from afar is selected, a floor cleared, huge blocks of stone adapted for the work are chosen, lifted from their natural bed, and brought to the selected spot with prodigious exertion of manual labour, aided only by some kind of ropes, levers, and rollers. In special cases one face of the intended upright stone is sculptured with ornaments according to the taste or art of the sculptor. The huge blocks are then placed as floors and sides, and so the great chamber with its avenue is raised and arranged. Then the enormous covering-stones are placed in readiness for use. On the occurrence of death, the body is in most cases burnt in a pile of wood on the place of sepulchre, then the whole contents of the funeral pile are deposited in the chamber, the choicest personal ornaments, weapons, and tools of the dead are placed on the

heap, more earth is added, small stones and earth are then piled up round the cromlech to a level with the top, the huge roofing stones are put on, sealing up all the treasures, more earth is piled up, and thus it is left to the custody of tradition and the elements. "Let Erin give the sons of Lochlin to earth, and raise the mossy stones of their fame, that the children of the North hereafter may behold the place where their fathers fought, and some hunter may say, when he leans on a mossy tomb, 'Here Fingal and Swaran fought, the heroes of other years.' Thus hereafter shall he say, and our fame shall last for ever."\* But the story committed to the memorial has utterly vanished, whilst the rude memorial itself remains. The fame of the buried hero has been superseded by mediæval tales of grim giants, or by Druidical fictions of fond antiquaries, or fairy-tales of the poets.

Another of these sepulchres, and the most remarkable of the whole group, is found in the little isle of Gavr Innis (Goat Island), in the midst of the Morbihan Sea. The sail is a delightful one; for the aspect of the sea is beautiful, owing to the number and varied forms of the islands. There is a solitary small farm on Gavr Innis, and a landing-place on the rocks. The tumulus rises from a low rounded hill, and its summit commands, to those who visited it as I did, in the glory of the setting sun, a marvellous view of the isle-besprinkled sea. From it the mound of St. Michael is seen in the distance on one side, and a similar one, called Tumiac, on the other. Numerous Celtic remains throw their long shadows across the brown heath in the nearer landscape.

The tumulus is a dome-shaped cairn (Fig. 4), formed by a heap of small stones around the central sepulchre. The huge stone walls of a covered avenue lead, as usual, to a chamber under a stone cromlech.

The interior had apparently been rifled of its contents before 1832, when the modern discovery was made. Two of the side stones are of quartz rock; the other, and the coverings and floor, of granite; several, however, of a granite which does not occur in any place on this island, and must have been brought by water from the adjacent mainland, or other islands.

That which distinguishes Gavr Innis from other sepulchres is the nature and perfection of the sculptures on the inner surface of the granite stones. I carefully examined these, in the hope of finding some elucidation of the mysterious markings on rocks in Northumberland and elsewhere which have recently been puzzling the Northern antiquarians. The woodcut (Fig. 5) from Delandre will best serve to show the nature of the markings, which are raised in relief on the main surfaces of the upright granite slabs.

We have no difficulty in recognising here the representation of the common implement, the smooth celt; the figure, also, of a common snake, apparently used by way of ornament; of a celt handle with variations; and a fern-like figure taken from the common polypody, interspersed with concentric rings and flourishes, evidently mere ornamentation, according to the few models before the artist. On the sixth stone of the avenue occurs the representation of a complete weapon, which might be used either for felling trees, cutting timber, or in war. On the last slab the design is varied from the circular form to the angular. Unprejudiced examination of these curious remains will convince the spectator that they are not symbolical, but simply representative; they are copies or imitations of familiar objects: the wavy lines and circles are mere decorative art.

\* Chapter xxii.

\* Ossian.

The first stone of the avenue on the south side has a deep burrow cut in its thickness, with three rounded openings. This would have served for the insertion of wooden pegs, on which fastenings might be placed; but the exact purpose has not been ascertained. Many of the conjectures are most curious. One learned writer conjectures that it was a garrotting instrument used at executions or human sacrifices. Another pronounces it to be the fitting of a marriage altar, in which the parties inserted and grasped each other's hands. It is, however, wiser, according to the prudent judgment of Dr. Cloismadec, of Vannes, to stand still and wait for explanations, rather than go on in darkness.

The method in which the sculpturing is carried round the edges of the blocks shows that the former was effected before the latter were raised into their present position. Indeed, in this sepulchre a broken fragment of one of the sculptured stones was found lying on the floor of the cave, with the pattern corresponding to that on an upright slab, from which it had apparently been broken off at the time of the construction of the chamber, and then placed loose by the side of the block to which it belonged, or, more likely, imperfectly attached to it.

Another tumulus which looms out in the southern offing of this bay of islands is that of Tumiac, in the Isle of Arzon. The mound is about sixty-five feet in height, formed of small stones covering a chamber, or cromlech, with a short avenue. On one of the supports there were fourteen worked projections, available as hooks for fastening or hanging up any object, and another of the pillar-stones presents four similar bosses. The supporting stone at the east has two worked projections. This and one other of the stones exhibit rude sculptures, one of a necklace, and the other of mere fragmentary ornamentation.

Within the sepulchre, in the layer of greasy earth upon its floor, there were found no less than fifteen fine celts, formed of jade, and fifteen similar, but smaller implements, formed of tremolite; a fragment of human bone unburnt, one hundred and twenty necklace beads of jade, and forty beads of jasper. This burial, although, by the art-remains and ornamentation displayed, apparently of the same era as that at Mount St. Michael, shows that burning the body was not resorted to in all cases, by the same people, during the same epoch.

No traces of pottery or of metal were found in these sepulchres; but in a similar one at Plouharnel two beautiful golden collars were discovered lying in a common funeral urn. In excavating from the surface, Roman coins, medals, glass, and pottery were first exhumed from the outer earth. Below these there were, in the earth and rubble, occasional beads of jasper. At thirty feet from the summit the stone chamber was reached, which had been previously undisturbed.

Crossing over from Gavr Innis to the little village of Lochmariaker, on the monotonous mainland, we find a low granite shore, crowned with poor tillage, and open common pasture-land. This is the site of some of the most remarkable Celtic monuments known to exist, and is in the immediate vicinity of Carnac.

The burial mound nearest to the village is that called Mane-er-Hrock (the Fairies' Hill), which is similar in its general structure to those previously described. It was examined in 1863. It is thirty-three feet high, and a hundred and ten yards long. There were two pillar-stones at the base, now fallen and broken. Traces of an iron instrument are said to have been detected in this tumulus when first opened, and the following objects were discovered—viz., ninety-three celts of tremolite,

eleven broken celts of jade, two unbroken ones, nine jasper beads, and a ring of jade.

But the most instructive discovery here was that of a piece of granite, found at the entrance of the sepulchre, with rude sculptures on its surface. The objects evidently represent (*Fig. 6*) a celt, together with its handles and fastenings, and a shield of a form seen in another sculpture on Long Island, and dimly indicated on others. The remaining figures are more imperfect attempts, or sportive ornamental variations, of the same type.

From the Mane-er-Hrock, or Buttes de Cæsar, I went to the tumulus on the north of the road near Lochmariaker, called Mane Nelud (*Fig. 7*). This comprises five inscribed stones, but all the sculptures are rude delineations of celts, and a shield with some curious combinations and variations of the celt-like type. This has been well examined by Mr. Ferguson, and is described in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.

The last of the mounds to which I shall refer is that of Pierres-Plattes, a large cromlech and avenue lying on the shore south-west of Lochmariaker. The covered avenue is formed of fourteen vertical-stones. There were found here fragments of pottery, ashes, and bones. The sepulchre is covered by an enormous slab of granite (*Fig. 9*).

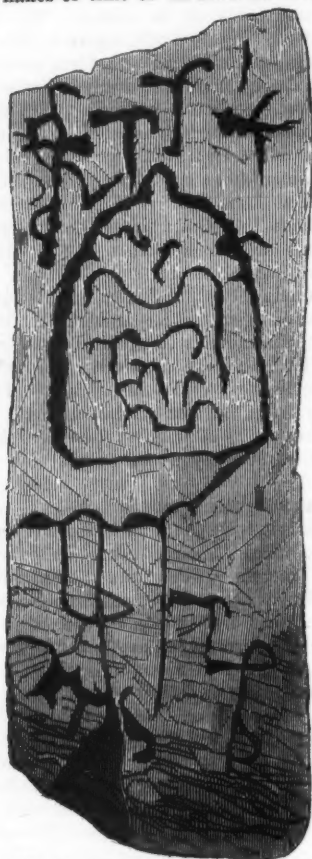
Two of the upright stones here are sculptured. Learned observers have characterized the representations according to their fancies, either as palm-branches, serpents, or sacred beetles, and attributed them to Phœnician, Egyptian, or Carthaginian colonists; others have seen in them indications of the practice by the Celtic people of a form of impure and degraded worship known amongst the foul rites of civilized Greeks and Romans; others have seen in them the characters of a written language. But all these surmises or conclusions are simply erroneous; for we can now safely pronounce them to be mere ornamentation, in which the celt, with its attachments, and the shield are the chief objects represented, together with some conventional additions, mostly variations of the same things. We are thus able to clear the ancient history of our rude forefathers from some erudite, but erroneous suppositions, and especially to free their characters from the imputation of their having been the wretched worshippers of degraded and degrading symbols of sensuality—a characteristic attaching not to the savage, but to the civilized portion of ancient paganism. (*Fig. 8*.)

A deep sculpture on the under-surface of the covering stone is highly interesting as being the representation of a complete hatchet, with a crest denoting the loose ends of the fibres of attachment.

Although the sepulchres previously described did not contain any pottery, yet earthen vessels are commonly found in such places, and especially where the body has been burnt. There are many tumuli which contain only fragments of ashes and burnt bones, without any pottery or traces of other deposit whatever. This is especially the case with the smaller interments without stone chests. In none of the Morbihan sepulchres was any rough flint implement, such as occur in the Somme Valley gravels, found. In other tombs in the same district—for instance, at St. Gilles—an armlet of metal was found, with smooth jade hatchets, and at Moinester some flint knives. At Caden, in Morbihan, a number of copper celts were disinterred, and finally, at Croc, between Auray and Lochmariaker, some chisels of iron. The objects from the different tumuli are carefully preserved separately in the museum at Vannes, which is appropriately formed in the round tower of the sole remaining portion of the old castle there.

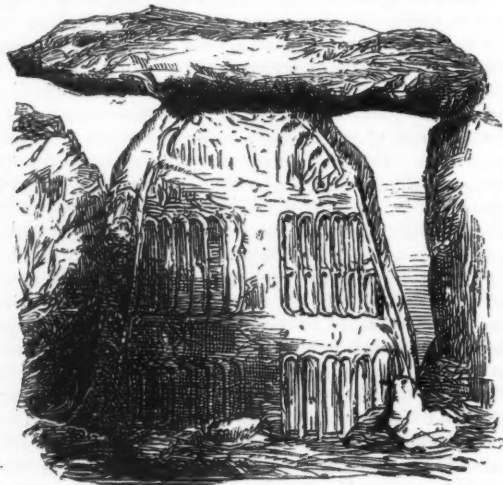


Among the grand collections at the National Museum at Hôtel Cluny, at Paris, is a series of objects from a sepulchre at Serigon, found in 1864, and comprising not only rough flakes of flint of all sizes for knives, chisels,



(Fig. 6.) SEPULCHRE OF MANE-ER-HROCK.

darts, arrows, and domestic implements, but several flint cores, partly stripped by the process of making similar tools. This, then, appears to throw light on the remote past, and to connect the arts and manners of the cave people, and Somme Valley hunters, with the



(Fig. 7.) SCULPTURED STONE AT NELUD.

sepulchre-building people; to show that, whilst the hunter may have been following the reindeer in the valley of the Dordogne, in Southern France, his settled countrymen may have been moving and sculpturing these rude blocks of stone for their sepulchral rites. One remove further, and that a gradual one, leads us back to the hunter, following with chipped flint weapons the woolly rhinoceros, and other huge game, in the wide, marshy valley of the river Somme.

Many of the flints from Serigon are evidently not for offence or defence, but for domestic cutlery as it were. The dwellers in the Dordogne caves used bone as well as flint, in a variety of ways. Among the miscellaneous objects of the bronze period in the Paris collection is a small square metal stamp, bearing the precise ornamentation of the sepulchre at Gavr Innis, the snake, and the handled celt. Similar ornamentation is found on a piece of Celtic pottery in the museum at St. Brieuc.

There are now existing, in the department of Morbihan, about seven hundred Celtic monuments of various kinds, whilst throughout Brittany the number extends to many thousands.



(Fig. 8.) SCULPTURES ON UNDER-SURFACE OF COVERING-STONE AT PIERRES-PLATES.

The northern part of the island of Guernsey is rich in Celtic sepulchres, which have served not as single tombs, but as catacombs. The explorations of these, made in the year 1837, by Mr. Lukis, are detailed in the first volume of the "Archæological Journal." We give an illustration (Fig. 3) of the interior of one of the Guernsey cromlechs, or giant-chambers, called De Tus, displaying, when opened, the mode of a double interment.

The custom of interring with the dead the objects most cherished by the living was common to all the Celtic nations. The remains of horses caparisons, horse-

furniture, and jewels, and, alas! of slaves too, are met with in the sepulchres of the race. It appeared to them to be grand and noble to enter Valhalla fully equipped and armed and with a splendid retinue. The Lapps are said to bury a flint with their dead, to enable them to obtain light in the dark valley. The Christian will be reminded of the fine exhortation of the apostle St. Peter,

Among the stone implements are some of the rudest and simplest kind, such as have been assigned to the very earliest period.

Bones of cows, oxen, and horses were found, indicating that funeral feasts had been held in honour of the dead, and in some instances burnt human bones apart from the interment are supposed to indicate human sacrifices.



(Fig. 9.) PIERRE-PLATTE.

addressed to professing Christians, that they should practise every virtue, and the soul be thus fully caparisoned and equipped for its future life: "for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The British Islands contain numerous cromlechs. Cornwall, especially, abounds in them. The principal one near the metropolis is that of Kit's Coty House, near Maidstone, in Kent. Wayland Smith's Cave, renowned in the novel of "Kenilworth," is a cromlech.

Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, too, furnish admirable examples; but the larger tombs appear to have been rifled long since, so as to compel us to resort to those of other countries for full elucidation.

In England the sepulchres of the Celts have been explored, or removed by cultivation. Most of the cromlechs have long since lost their covering of earth, and were deprived of their contents before any interest was excited in them. We have therefore only the barrow, sometimes inclosing a stone chest, and at other times without; sometimes containing urns, and at others interments without urns. Like the Breton sepulchres, these also show different modes of interment, either by burning, burying in a contracted position, or extended. Like these, also, they contain numerous articles, the personal property of the deceased, and others which were offerings at the funeral. The late Mr. Bateman, of Lomberdale, near Bakewell, Derbyshire, was the most extensive barrow-opener of modern days. In three hundred graves explored by him there were found as follows:—

Articles of stone only, in	134
Articles of bronze	37
Articles of iron	26
No manufactured articles	103

Although none of the very rough flint implements of the Somme Valley type have yet been found in the sepulchres of Brittany, yet this may have arisen from the fact that these tools were too coarse, too little esteemed, to be thus honoured. Elsewhere in France, as we have seen, and in our own country, at Alfreston, flints of the rudest sort occur, and flint-flakes are associated with other objects similar to those found in Brittany. Flint-flakes are continued from the reindeer period, in which they exist in the caves and lake-dwellings, down to the latest Celtic tombs. This serves to connect the whole of these ethnologically and chronologically as belonging to one people, and one long period of occupation. The manufacture of flint implements was carried on during all the barrow-burial period down to the Roman invasion, and long afterwards in the remote districts and for the poorer folk: indeed, the presence of articles of stone among the metal objects proves that the use of stone implements continued to prevail long after the introduction of metal; and so the evidence shows the long succession of similar occupations, and the slow improvement in art and material welfare, which we associate from other evidences also, with the pre-Roman period of our early history.

We thus have an approximate chronology of indefinite but not necessarily very long periods:—First, the age of unground or chipped stone tools found in the mammalian gravels, associated with extinct animals of the reindeer epoch, and hitherto unaccompanied by any other human remains, but which continued to be made and used in the next period: this is often called the age of the drift-beds. Secondly, ground stone implements, rarely of flint, and usually hard stone susceptible of polish; flint implements of the first type scarce:

this is the epoch of the cave-dwellers, and of the lake-border villages, as well as of some of the stone sepulchres and barrows. Thirdly, metals gradually introduced, varying in different countries, but, on the whole, bronze preceding for a long time iron. Stone implements were on the wane at the time of the Roman invasion of Gaul and Britain.

We can thus obtain some slight help in tracing man step by step from the present, backwards, and find that all the discoveries in the present field of research harmonize well with the narrative of Holy Scripture, which indicates ample time for the development of all that the world can show, so far as discovery has extended. The rudeness of the arts, and the precarious condition of the people in regard to material wants, as evidenced by these remains, exhibit the direful consequences which followed man's fatal fall, and which pursued him into the wilderness. Well may the antiquarian exclaim, in studying these sculptured sepulchres, "O that these were characters of a language that we might read, or symbols of a worship that we might understand!" Probably those who raised them deemed not that the memories of their great ones could ever disappear from the land. Yet these sepulchres are witnesses for God upon the earth. They testify that those by whom they were raised believed in the separate existence of the soul, and in the resurrection of the body. From these ideas the notion of a general judgment is inseparable, and therefore we infer that the belief in a God, in human accountableness, and in the possibility of obtaining Divine favour were articles of the creed of the people who constructed these tombs. Whence came these tenets? Were they innate, or derived from tradition? or are they the fragments of a primeval revelation to man? We feel justified in the opinion that all these sources of knowledge had a share in the production of the effects. The relics of primeval revelation—actually in accordance with human consciousness and the moral sense—preserved by tradition, explain the whole of the phenomena, which no one of the causes singly is adequate to solve. The true golden age of the poet was when God walked with man. The early course was not upward from barbarism to civilization, but downward, till in later times new arts and new civilization overtook the dispersed races of mankind. This is confirmed by the study of the history of languages and other departments of ethnology. The objections to the book of Genesis, drawn from archaeological remains, are utterly destroyed by a fuller acquaintance with the remains themselves.

#### NOTES ON WORKHOUSE LIFE.

##### V.

ALL are poor and destitute here, for destitution is the essential qualification for workhouse life; but there are some amongst the inmates who began their course with prospects fair and promising. In Lupton Workhouse one man informed the writer, and he had no reason to disbelieve him, that he had had eleven good horses of his own in his stable at one time; the rental of another was forty-five pounds per annum—a good sum for rent in the country; another farmed land that was rated at an equal amount to the poor. And a little while ago there died in the same house a man who in his former days had held no mean place amongst the wealthy merchants of the locality. He kept three horses for pleasure, and one 5th of November he joined another gentleman in expending the sum of seventy pounds upon

fireworks. Through extravagance he became a bankrupt; and then he took to drinking. He removed to a distant town, and fell so low that when he came to the home of his childhood he was not ashamed to beg money of his former associates to furnish the means of intoxication. Last of all he came, with emaciated frame and enfeebled intellect, to the workhouse of his native parish, and died with all the appearance of an extremely old man at the age of sixty-six.

At the women's side in the same workhouse is an elderly woman, the daughter of one of the former medical gentlemen of the town. In the same room with her is the daughter of a quarry-owner who sold stone for the erection of the building nearly thirty years ago. A little while ago there was an inmate who had received a boarding-school education. And not many months since an incident, strikingly illustrative of the vicissitudes to which human life is subject, was presented in the case of one of the present inmates. She had been employed as an assistant to the nurse; and, on a change of nurses taking place, the new nurse, whom she was now to serve, turned out to be the same person whom she had engaged a few years before to serve her in her own home by assisting in the care of her sick husband.

Thus the wheel of social life turns round, some spokes going up, and others going down. It may be the fact that, in a busy and populous community, where money is soon gained and lost, the grandsires of the inmates of the union workhouse of the present day were in as good a position, with respect to social status, as the grandsires of any equal number of persons taken indiscriminately outside the house. We cannot undertake to prove this proposition, but neither can it be disproved; and the facts, so far as ascertained, would suggest that it is by no means improbable.

The immediate causes of pauperism are, sickness, bodily or mental infirmity, old age, want of employment, and, in the case of children, the death or sickness of parents. But numbers of the poor persons who are spending their days in the workhouse will readily acknowledge that they would never have been reduced to such circumstances had it not been for their too free use of intoxicating liquor. "How much money do you suppose you would have now, if you had saved all that you have spent in drink?" asked the writer one day of an old boatman who had newly come into the house, and whose countenance stamped him a veteran toper. His prompt reply was, "I should 'ev' as mich brass as —," mentioning the name of the Poor Law guardian of his parish, a gentleman in good circumstances. Having found that another of the aged inmates had a brother who was a well-to-do tradesman, I inquired how it was that there was such a difference in their respective positions. The old man at first returned an evasive answer, but on the question being put, "Have you been a strictly sober man?" he said, "Oh no; I've been a man 'at's liked a sup o' beer all my life."

In all workhouses are many widows and orphans whose husbands and fathers have fallen in the noon of their days, slain by that sword which is daily going through the land, ever whetted and never sheathed, cut off by disease or pestilence, which knows no intermission, but cuts off its victims at all seasons alike.

But there is one sense in which excessive drinking promotes old age: it brings it on before its time. In numerous instances we have before us all the characteristics of advanced life—the bent frame, the feeble knee, the tottering step, the tremulous voice, and the mark of imbecility, the stamp of second childhood, fixed upon the countenance; but all this is age fore-



stalled. Strong drink has been beforehand with old father Time, and has anticipated his heavy stroke. There are those who were boys along with them who are still hale and active, and are not described as old men. Cases of this kind, of constitutions worn out and age induced by hard drinking, present a not inconsiderable proportion of the workhouse population. The writer, after visiting an old man in the sick wards of Lupton Workhouse, was informed that he was the father of a boy in the school and a girl in the kitchen. "Father!" he replied. "Why, he's an old man—he appears more like their grandfather than their father." "Yes," was the reply; "but he has been a great drinker." This old man died a little over fifty.

These persons while in the workhouse are happily kept from their great temptation, and hence, doubtless, their days are prolonged. The only time the ordinary inmates have beer is the annual Christmas dinner. But when they obtain a day or two's leave of absence, or take their discharge, which they can do at any time, to be readmitted on procuring a note from the relieving officer, it is a sad, but not a strange thing to see the former victims of intemperance—women, alas! as well as men—reeling in the streets, or returning in a state of intoxication to the workhouse gates. They procure drink, or money to spend in drink, from their relatives and old acquaintances, who thus, by a thoughtless and mistaken kindness, lead the poor unstable creatures into their old sin. One wretched man from the workhouse, who had been amongst his "friends," was found next morning laid underneath the grate of a furnace belonging to a manufactory, and was so dreadfully burnt that he died shortly after being removed.

The total amount expended upon the relief of the poor during a year (1864-5, ending March 25) was more than six million pounds. If, by any happy revolution in the community, the drinking so prevalent amongst our working population should be discontinued, we do not hesitate to say that the poor's rates would not exceed one-third of their present amount.

The strong appreciation of the charms of "the weed" is all but universal on the men's side of the house, and, either in one form or the other, very common amongst the women. When the craving for drink is starved out, the cry for tobacco seems to be all the louder. Every penny that can be procured from visitors, relatives, or old friends is generally expended upon tobacco,\* and many would rather be placed on short-commons in food allowance than be without this luxury. They know no other luxury, as the writer found upon actual trial. He has succeeded, through the assistance of friends, in getting up an annual excursion into the country for the inmates of Lupton Workhouse. He promised some little treat to those who were too sick or infirm to go, offering to each his choice of what he would have. The men, with very few exceptions, chose tobacco. He replied that he had never purchased tobacco, and entertained scruples as to the propriety of doing so, wishing them to fix upon something else. But nothing else would they have; and they have thus succeeded in making an anti-tobacco man a somewhat large customer for tobacco once every year. On entering the house one fine spring morning, the writer met an elderly man in the hall who had taken his discharge and was going to look for employment. This man had been the slave to his appetite for liquor, and he said that, if he succeeded in getting work, he should be willing to intrust the whole of his wages with any

one who would take charge of them and purchase for him whatever he would need, that he might thus be the less exposed to that temptation which, with money in his pocket, he had found himself unable to withstand. "But," he added, "hey, mun, let me hev' a bit o' *bacca*." In a visit to the women's sick-wards during the drought of the past summer, the writer took occasion to speak of the value of water, and our obligation to the Giver of all good for its usually abundant supply, when a poor woman *non compos mentis*, but whose words have sometimes a most striking significance, called out, "We're none short o' watter here, Mr. —; but we're *sadly short o' 'bacca*."

Many of the women have been brought into the condition of workhouse inmates through unhappy marriages. "Is she married?" asked the writer concerning a sick woman. "Yes," replied her friend, with emphasis, as she stood by her dying bed; "or else she would never have been brought here." In the second edition of "Songs in the Night," the following paragraph occurs in the account of the author by the chaplain:—"Poor Grace Dickinson was ever ready to acknowledge that the heavy trials with which she was visited arose in a great degree from a want of prudence, and a departure from Christian consistency, with respect to the most important step in life which a young person can take. The very night before she died, she said, in allusion to this, that she hoped her case would prove a warning to other young women."

Would that such a case were an uncommon one. But, alas! there are few, if any, workhouses in which are not to be found women of superior intelligence to the inmates around, who have been brought to the condition of workhouse paupers through one step, taken in spite of the remonstrances of their friends and of their own better judgment—a step taken in haste, to be repented of at leisure.

We must not, however, in any circumstances regard poverty as criminal, or pass reflections upon those who are compelled to seek the shelter of the workhouse. We not unfrequently find persons overtaken by want, and spending their last days in the workhouse, whose previous habits of life were by no means such as would have led us to expect such a close of their career. In every succeeding generation the words of the wise man are verified by living instances: "I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance"—subject, as in other parts of the sacred word we are abundantly taught, to the great Disposer of events—"happeneth to them all."

Some of our workhouse inmates have become such through the misconduct of those about them, or otherwise through circumstances which they could not control; some, though possessing a fair amount of general understanding, have been deficient in tact or skill in their business or calling, or in that faculty called "self-helpfulness" which is needful to enable a man to breast the heavy tide of untoward circumstances, or to hold his own in the battle of life. And with respect to those whose past conduct has been improvident and otherwise faulty, we must remember that they have not been worse than thousands in the world without, who have practised the same delinquencies, but upon whom the consequences have not fallen with the same unmitigated severity. And in not a few instances there is reason to hope that the leisure and retirement which a shattered constitution and a workhouse life unavoidably secure are improved to the best of purposes.

\* They are not allowed to bring in liquor.

## Varieties.

**WORKHOUSES.**—Workhouses, under a prudent and good arrangement, will answer all the ends of charity to the poor in regard to their souls and bodies. They may be made, properly speaking, nurseries for religion, virtue, and industry, by having daily prayers and the Scriptures constantly read, and the poor children Christianly instructed.—*King William III: Speech to Parliament in 1698.*

**HOMELESS BOYS.**—Efforts are being made, with every prospect of success, to establish voluntary refuges for destitute boys, where they may be trained for useful occupations. A farm near London and a ship moored in the river will afford instruction for those severally inclined for agricultural or nautical life. This scheme in no way can interfere with the refuges provided for under the Industrial Schools Act, the inmates of which are chiefly drafted thither by the police as vagrants. The new scheme has reference to voluntary, not compulsory training.

**CHIMNEYS ON FIRE.**—All the fire-engines and "plant" of the new Metropolitan Fire Brigade are now under the management of the Central Board. The following provisions respecting "chimneys on fire" will affect the public generally:—"If the chimney of any house or other building within the metropolis is on fire, the occupier of such house or other building shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding 20s.; but if such occupier proves that he has incurred such penalty by reason of the neglect or wilful default of any other person, he may recover summarily from such person the whole or any part of the penalty he may have incurred as occupier."

**SUPPOSED RUINS OF CHORAZIN.**—A little more than two miles south-east of Kedes, on an isolated hill called Tel Harah, were found the remains of a large city of very ancient date: the walls of the citadel and a portion of the city wall could be traced. This Captain Wilson regards as the long-sought-for Hazor, in preference to Tel Khureibeh. At Tel Hum the White Synagogue had been so far excavated and its plan and ornaments carefully recorded, but nothing else had been found. The ruins of Chorazin at Kerzesh turn out to be far more important than was previously suspected; they cover a much larger extent of ground than Tel Hum, and many of the private houses are almost perfect, with the exception of the roofs; the openings for doors and windows remaining in some cases. All the buildings, including a synagogue or church, are of basalt.—*Palestine Exploration Report.*

**THE 86TH ASTEROID.**—Dr. L. Tietjen, of the Observatory of Berlin, whilst observing early this year the 85th small ultradiagonal planet, which was discovered in America, in September last, by Mr. Dolman, made the discovery of another, the 86th, belonging to this remarkable series of planets, which have been found during the present century between Mars and Jupiter.

**DR. WHREWELL'S WILL.**—The fortune left by the late Master of Trinity has been estimated at forty thousand pounds; and the disposition of it is most liberal. The furniture of the lodge is left to his successor. One third, also, of the valuable library follows the same destination; another third goes to the College, and the remaining one to the friends and relatives of the deceased. It appears that the Hostel, which was built, according to the general impression, with the legacy bequeathed by Lady Affleck, was in reality completed at the sole expense of the Master. The money of his late wife remains intact, with its accumulations, for the benefit of the College.

**A FAITHFUL NURSE.**—Three or four years before the decease of Jane Duchess of Gordon (mother-in-law to the last Duchess), she had a severe affliction in the death of her son, Lord Alexander Gordon, a young nobleman whose life had been immersed in the sins and vices of the day. Being taken ill at Edinburgh, as soon as he was made aware of his danger, he cried aloud with heart-rending complaints, often started up and called to God for mercy, and then declared that there was no hope for him, and his soul was lost. The nurse who waited on him was a pious and well-instructed woman, selected for him by his physician, Dr. Stuart, of Duncarn. She told him kindly of Jesus Christ, as the Saviour of the chief of sinners. While she spoke, he raised himself on his elbow, gazed intently on her till she ceased, and, falling back on his pillow, clasped his hands and exclaimed, "Oh, if that were true!" She then read the Bible to him to prove the truth of her statements, prayed with him at his urgent request, and brought her ministers to converse more fully on the great salvation. In his few dying days, Lord Alexander appeared to receive the truth as it is in

Jesus. Meanwhile the duchess had arrived; and the day before his death he solemnly addressed her: "I remember all your kindness with love and gratitude; but you omitted the most important thing of all, religion—my sinfulness before God, the judgment to come, and the love and compassion of our Saviour. Look at this poor old woman: she has been to me more than a parent: my merciful God has made her the instrument to raise me from despair. Death is at hand, but I am at peace."—*Life and Letters of Elizabeth, last Duchess of Gordon.*

**THE WORKING MAN'S MEMORIAL TO THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL.**—After the late Sir Robert Peel had carried the abolition of the corn-laws, as Prime Minister, 1846, a fund was raised, by the penny subscriptions of 400,000 working men of Great Britain, to found a working men's memorial of gratitude to him. The fund so raised was invested, the University College of London being trustee, in order that the proceeds might be every year devoted to the purchase of books, maps, and other aids to knowledge, to be presented as gifts to any public library, mechanics' institution, reading-room, or literary and scientific institution in the United Kingdom maintained by working men, or to which working men or youths have access gratis, or at a small charge. Since the foundation of this provision, such gifts have been made by the trustees to forty-one institutions in England, Wales, and Scotland. The trustees announce that for the present year four gifts, each in value £15, will be made.

**RENTING HOUSES INFESTED WITH VERMIN.**—In the Court of Queen's Bench an action, Campbell v. Lord Wenlock, was tried, in which the plaintiff claimed 500 guineas for the rent of a furnished house taken by the defendant, but left as not habitable from being infested with bugs. The case was decided on the following principles:—The judge did not seem to think the evidence sufficient to show that the house was so much infested as to be uninhabitable, and said that if the state of things could be easily remedied, the tenant ought to do it. The jury accordingly returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

**KISSING THE POPE'S TOE.**—At last the Pope came in. He wore a white cassock and zucchetto, and a scarlet cloak. It is the etiquette to receive the Pope's presence as that of any other monarch—viz., to kneel and kiss his hand if he offers it. Religious persons, who recognise in the Pope the spiritual character of the ambassador of the King of kings, kiss his feet. This I had made up my mind to do. As the Pope approached, his sweet smile and venerable aspect took away all fear of his presence. I saw that he extended his hand to me, but I bowed down and kissed the cross on his feet. He seemed to be astonished and pleased as I knelt before him. He begged me to pray that I might know God's will and do it, and have also the spirit of a true monk. He laid his hands upon my bare and tonsured head, and kept them there while he gave me his blessing, and then gave me his hand to kiss. I had brought with me a heap of crosses, medals, and rosaries, which I held up for him to bless. He blessed them for me, and then, with a few kind words, the interview ended. . . . Our English Order of St. Benedict has been blessed in me to-day by the Patriarch of the West. Of course, his Holiness desires that we should submit to the Church of Rome, but at the same time I am convinced that he wishes us God speed in the Church of England.—*The Rev. C. Lyne, commonly called "Father Ignatius."*

**ROYAL LITERARY FUND.**—The permanent fund now amounts to £25,500, producing an annual dividend of £774. The stock of the Newton property consists of £8167 15s. 10d. in the Three per Cents. Reduced, producing an annual dividend of £245 0s. 8d. The Newton estate at Whitechapel produced last year the sum of £203 in rents. The report of the grants awarded showed the following classification: History and Biography 10 grants, £325; Science and Art 9, £360; Periodical Literature 7, £280; Topography and Travels 4, £140; Classical Literature and Education 5, £155; Poetry 4, £65; Essays and Tales 8, £235; Drama 1, £20; Law 1, £25; Medicine 2, £60; Miscellaneous 1, £20; part of grant not applied, £3; total, £1682. The total recipients were—28 males, £870; 24 females (11 authors, 13 widows), £325; 13 widows, £490; part of grant not applied, £3; total, £1682 for the year 1865-6. The Archbishop of Dublin and the Duke of Devonshire were elected Vice-Presidents in room of Lord Palmerston and Mr. A. Spottiswoode, deceased; and Professor Owen to the Council, in room of Dr. Whewell.